

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor.

VOL. 16, NO. 45

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, JUNE 1, 1899.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## Paying Double Prices

For everything is so pleasant, it is! But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a \$20.00 bicycle for \$15.00? Catalogue No. 57 tells all about Bicycles, Sewing

Machines, Organs and Pianos. "What do you think of a fine suit of clothing, made-to-your-measure, guaranteed to fit and keeping well to your station for \$5.00? Catalogue No. 57 shows 25 samples of clothing, shoes, hats and furnishings. Labeled Catalogue No. 57 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. It's just Freight, sew carpets free, and finish lining without charge.

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dressing Room? Catalogue No. 57 shows 25 samples of ever-ready-made furniture and household goods. We'll give you from 10 to 20 per cent. off anything. Why buy at retail when you know of us? Which catalogue do you want? Address this way, JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 600.

## LAW CARDS.

**N. O. McNEIL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas, and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

**L. M. McOLINTIC,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**H. S. RUCKER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC,  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

**J. W. ARBUCKLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

**W. A. BRATTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

**ANDREW PRICE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

**SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,**  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

**H. M. LOCKRIDGE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given all legal work.

**J. H. A. PRESTON, FRED. WALLACE,**  
PRESTON & WALLACE,  
Attorneys at Law,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

**J. W. YEAGER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt attention given to collections.

**T. S. McNEEL,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

## PHYSICIANS' CARDS.

**DR. V. J. CAMPBELL,**  
DENTIST,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

**DR. J. H. WELMOUTH,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

**J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

## A Scientific Grandpapa.

"See, grandpapa, my flower!" she cried:

"I found it in the grasses!" And with a kindly smile, the Sage Surveyed it through his glasses.

"Ah, yes," he said, "Involucrate, And all the florets ligulate, Corolla gamopetalous— Composite—exogenous— A pretty specimen it is, Taraxacum dena-leonis!"

She took the blossom back again. His face her wistful eye on.

"I thought," she said, with quivering lip, "It was a dandelion!"

—St. Nicholas.

## POT POURRI.

**THE GOOSE WHICH LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.**

Salt was once a great object, when there were no wagons or wagon roads in the county. At that time salt was manufactured at a salt spring on Stoney Creek two miles from Marlinton, on land now owned by George Baxter. This was once a great salt lick and the trails of buffalo and deer can be plainly seen at this day on the hill side. The water of this spring held a quantity of salt in solution and it was boiled and the owner had a valuable property. About 1825 it became the property of an enterprising man named William Cochran who wished to increase the flow of water and who dug a well. Not far below the surface rock was struck, and a spring pole rigged up and the stone drilled through. The drilling continued nearly a hundred feet down and when the well was about finished the tools were left in over night. When morning came the well diggers found that there had been a cave in and that the tools were fast. The tools were lost and the project abandoned. No water has flowed there since, and where once the salt spring oozed from the earth the ground is cultivated. The owner had killed the goose which laid the golden eggs.

## NO JOKE.

A Levels man on his way to Marlinton stopped to ask very gravely of a merchant at Buckeye if it was true as reported that that village had protested against the establishment of a pulp mill at Marlinton, meaning to get him to rise to a fly. But a Swago man is ready for anything like this. He replied: "Yes, sir, the occupation of most of our citizens is fishing, and they do not wish to be molested."

## A LIE NAILED.

This county has a very popular assessor who is painstaking in the smallest detail of his duties and who is liked by every one for the genuine kindness of his nature. The people of the county find that the more work he does for them, the more use they have for him. It is a case of "well done thou good and faithful public servant." His hold on the people is such that it is generally regarded that he can have an office as long as he needs it. Public life was forced upon him. He was one of the hardest working farmers in the county when he met with an accident which left him a cripple for life. But with all his pull he is very modest. Last primary election when he received nearly all the votes cast he feared he was beaten until the returns came in. And now that another election is coming he wishes to nail another lie, and the writer who is always anxious to please means to assist him in writing this up.

When he was in Marlinton last week, one of his friends said to him:

"Joe, I was surprised and pained to hear that you were instrumental in causing the railroad to come by Driscoll and causing the work to cease on the river route?"

"No, sir! that's a mistake! A mistake, I tell you! The people of this county have been too kind to me for me to take any sides on that question! Who told you?"

"But haven't you taken an option on some land at Driscoll?" this at a venture.

"What if I did, didn't I take one down here on the Greenbrier River, too!"

He convinced all here that he was not responsible for the railroad company's actions.

## THE LUMBERMAN.

The lumbermen have been in town "full of strange oaths" and other things spending their money freely, treating the crowd to ten-cent cigars, and enjoying their vacation. They get good wages and when they feel the spirit move them they go off to Washington or Marlinton, as the fancy strikes them, get their checks cashed and "blow in" their money. Some time ago one of them spent \$100 in Marlinton in less than a week, a big sum to him and us, and went back to work in camp contentedly. It is generally admitted that the lumbering operations which have been carried on so extensively in this county is done in the most workmanlike manner of any in the South. The lumber jockers believe like General Kitchener that men and horses cannot work well unless they are well fed and cared for. At first they had to go North for men, but of late years it has been proven that Pocahontas turns out equally as good workmen, and the majority of the men in the camps are native born. The most of them acquire the lingo that the down-easters brought to this country years ago, and you know the lumberman by his talk and his "cutter shoes." Some times a would-be lumberman works about a camp as long as the boss can endure him, and is discharged and comes in with the tongue and the shoes of a lumberman, posing as a base imitation. It takes a good man to do his part in a crew of men.

The Pocahontas lumberman seems more thrifty than his strolling brother. He has family ties and an inherent tendency to save money. Many an elderly man with his farm heavily encumbered with debt has had his obligations discharged by his sons who have the enterprise to make them desirable woodmen. A number of the northern men have married and settled down here and proved themselves good citizens. Many is the handy trick and ingenious contrivance they have taught us mountaineers. They introduced the double-bitted axe and the cross cut saw. We used to take a wagon into the woods, take the wheels off and roll a log upon it, put the wheels back on and come proudly forth with the log riding in state. The Yankee showed how a log could be "snaked" out of the woods with "grabs" and a pair of horses which would have broken the wagon down.

A thorough woodsman is a man with plenty of backbone. He is at his wits in store clothes, loafing around town, and at his best in his home in the forest, and we feel sure he gets more enjoyment out of his work than out of his leisure.

## TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS.

The person who goes against his own interests by the rigidity of his devotion to truth sometimes finds he has served his interest in that very way. An English paper tells this story:

A boy once applied at a store for work.

"We don't like lazy boys here," said the manager. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy looking the other straight in the face.

"Oh, you are not, are you? Well we want a boy that is."

"There ain't any," said the boy decidedly.

"Oh yes, there are. We have had over half a dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."

"How do you know they are?" asked the boy.

"They told me so."

"So could I, but I am not a liar."

And the lad said it with such an air of convincing energy that he was engaged at once.

The above is one of the Youth's

## Companion's typical stories, but the inquiring mind naturally seeks to know the inside facts of the occurrence. It was something like this. One of the six boys who had been there met this thoughtful boy going to apply for the place. "Go in" to try for de place?" "Yep."

"Lemme give yer a tip on de races. When de main guy asts yer is yer fond of work, say you is not! I said 'I is,' not noticin' the kind of idgit he is, an' 'little liar' was de bes' name he call me." The reader has seen how well it worked.

## PRIZES.

I never won a prize at school. I always ascribed it to my not applying myself. I know not how the uncharitable would regard it. I have seen prize winners who were kept too busy with banked fires trying for the prize to shine in society. I have seen heavy dull fellows knock the persimmon when fellows as bright as a dollar, as entertaining as a circus and liked by all were not in line for preferment.

I remember a prize I did not get, but which went to a boy who would hardly be taken for a prize scholar. The principal on the first day of school had all the pupils write from a copy he put on the black-board, a short paragraph. Everybody tried to make the neatest copy possible. My desk mate was a little red headed boy of tender years like myself, and I remember I felt ashamed to see his writing. He took pains with it but it was a horrible scrawl. He showed it to me and I felt how much better a scribe I was. After the slips were passed in, she teacher announced that on the last day of school the same paragraph would be written and the one showing the greatest improvement would receive a nice prize.

The last day came and the copies were sent in and compared and the little redheaded boy got the prize. He went to the front, received a beautiful volume, inscribed to him in his beloved teacher's Sunday handwriting, and bore it back triumphant.

Afterwards he told me how he won it. He overheard the teacher tell a friend on the street of the plan and he had written badly the first day accordingly.

Verily, honest sense is its own reward.

The rifle corps which Morgan formed from marksmen from the whole army is usually referred to as "Morgan's Virginians," says a writer in Harper's Magazine, but as a matter of fact two-thirds of them were Pennsylvanians, including a considerable number of Pennsylvania Germans. One of the latter, a Mr. Lauk, who was with Morgan from the beginning to the end of the war, was the last survivor of the corps. Once when Morgan was asked which race of those composing the American armies made the best soldiers, he replied: "As for the fighting part of the matter the men of all races are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of a good soldier, give me the 'Dutchman'—he starves well."

The story is so good that of course it is n't true, but it runs to the effect that "Mr. Dooley" (Peter Dunne) met Blehard Harding Davis in Chicago several weeks ago. "Do you know," said Mr. Davis, that from reading your works I expected to see a big, brawny, red-faced Irishman, with red chin-whiskers?" "Strange!" replied Dunne. "My expectation, based upon reading your books, was to find you dressed in a pink shirt waist."

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WEST & TRUAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDEN KENNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST.

By Ruyard Kipling, in "Barrack Room Ballads."

When spring-time flushes the desert grass,  
Our kafkas wind through the Khyber Pass.  
Lean are the camels, but fat the frails,  
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,  
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down  
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,  
A kaffia camped at the foot of the hill.  
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,  
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;  
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,  
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;

And the bubbling camels beside the load  
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;  
And the Persian pussy-cats, bro't for sale,  
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;

And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;  
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;  
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk  
A savor of camels and carpets and musk.

A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke  
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.  
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,  
The knives were whetted and then came I  
To Mahbab Ali, the muleteer,  
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,  
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.

But Mahbab Ali the kindly said,  
'Better is speech when the belly is fed.'  
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep  
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,  
And he who never hath tasted the food,  
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,  
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,  
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,  
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.  
Eoqr things greater than all things are,  
Women and Horses and Power and War.

We spake of them all, but the last the most,  
For I sought a word of a Russian post,  
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword,  
Then Mahbab Ali lowered his eyes  
In the fashion of one who is yawning lies.  
Quoth he: 'Of the Russians who can say?  
'When the night is gathering all is grey.'

'But we look that the gloom of the night shall die  
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.  
'Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
'To warn a king of his enemies?  
'We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
'But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
'That unsought counsel is cursed of God  
'Attesteth the story of Wali Dod.

'His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,  
'His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;  
'And the colt bred close to the vice of each,  
'For he carried the curse of an un-stanch'd speech.  
'Therewith madness—so he sought  
'The favor of kings at the Kabul court;  
'And traveled, in hope of honor, far  
'To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.  
'There I have journeyed too—but I  
'Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!  
'He heark'd to rumor, and snatch'd at a breath  
'Of "this one knoweth" and "that one saith"—  
'Legends that ran from mouth to mouth  
'Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.  
'These have I also heard, they pass  
'With each new spring and the winter grass.  
'Hot-foot southward, forgotten of

## God,

'Back to the city ran Wali Dod,  
'Even to Kabul—in full durbar  
'The King held talk with his Chief in War.  
'Into the press of the crowd he broke  
'And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

'Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,  
'As a mother might on a babbling child;  
'But those who would laugh restrained their breath,  
'When the face of the King showed dark as death.  
'Evil it is in full durbar  
'To cry to a ruler of gathering war!  
'Slowly he led to a peach-tree small  
'That grew by a cleft of the city wall.

'And he said to the boy: "They shall praise thy zeal  
So long as the red spurt follows the steel."  
And the Russ is upon us even now?  
Great is thy prudence—await them thou.

Watch from the tree, Thou art young and strong,  
Surely thy vigil is not for long.  
The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?  
Surely an hour shall bring their van.

Watch and wait. When the host is near,  
Shout aloud that my men may hear."  
'Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
'To warn a King of his enemies?  
'A guard was set that he might not flee  
'A score of bayonets ringed the tree.

'The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,  
'When he shook at his death as he looked below.  
'By the power of God, who alone is great,  
'Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.  
'Then madness took him, and men declare  
'He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,  
'And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,  
'And he hung as a bat in the forks and wailed.

'And sleep the cord of his hands untied,  
'And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.  
'Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise  
'To warn a King of his enemies?  
'We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
'But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
'Of the grey-coat coming who can say?  
'When the night is gathering all is grey.

'Two things greater than all things are,  
'The first is Love, and the second War,  
'And since we know not how War prove,  
'Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!'

## Bible Question Answered.

MR. EDITOR: I see in the last Pocahontas Times another Biblical question and will try to answer it. The question was, What King was driven from his kingdom and had to eat grass like an ox, and where do you find it? The king was Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, and the answer will be found in Daniel 5th chapter and 18th to 22d verses, but principally in the 20th and 21st verses. Yours respectfully,  
VEVA M. LEBBETTER.

## Ramon Beats Them All.

Henry Bissell, Hutton, Arkansas, says: I can not find words to explain the worth of Ramon's Liver Pills and Ramon's Relief also. I suffered with bilious colic for years, and the doctors failed to do me any good. I cured it with Ramon's Relief and Ramon's Liver pills. I have sold drugs and medicines for 27 years, and have handled all kinds of patent medicines. Ramon beats them all! I have sold and used Ramon's for ten years with always the greatest satisfaction. Hundreds of customers will testify that Ramon's Liver Pills are the best family medicine they ever used. I wish every family had a trial dose in their house to-day.

## Deservedly Popular.

The great popularity of Lion Coffee is built on a solid foundation. It is not due to any whim, but to the fact that this coffee is of a quality scarcely equaled by any other brand at twice its cost. With its great purity there is also great strength, so that it is the most economical coffee to use. A single pound will make forty cups. Our readers should be careful in buying Lion Coffee to see that it is delivered them in 1 lb. sealed packet with lion's head on wrapper. This caution is necessary since the great popularity has flooded the stores with spurious imitations of it, and nearly every grocer has a brand which he will assure you is "just as good as Lion Coffee."

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftless fellow will wait until necessity compels it and their ruin his best horse going for a doctor, and have a big doctor bill to pay besides; one pays out 25 cents, and the other is out a hundred dollars, and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed- ray; A. Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

A unique circular urging the Cubans to rise in arms against the United States was distributed in Havana last week. It is reproduced verbatim in The Times of Cuba as follows: "Down with the atrocities of the American government. To death with the yankee pigs. Down with the McKinley administration, who thim's itself to be the elect of good and history, and is responsible for the misfortunes of beeding Cuba. Yes we shall demand from Pres. McKinley and justy to that he shall free from so odious a nation; and should he refuse we will arise in our might and bow brave Orientales, armed and seppuled as they should be will triumph over the cowardly U. S. government, ere is by might alone the power over our country!"

I was seeciously afflicted with a cough for several years, and last fall had a more severe cough than ever before. I have used many remedies without receiving much relief, and being recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by a friend who, knowing me to be a poor widow, gave it to me. I tried it, and with the most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved me very much and the second bottle has absolutely cured me. I have not had as good health for twenty years. I give this certificate without solicitation, simply in appreciation of the gratitude felt for the cure effected. —Respectfully, Mrs MARY A. BEARD, Claremore, Ark.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed- ray; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

About thirty-five years ago Dr. Channey Dewep deposited \$100 in a Peckskill savings bank. The president of that institution laughed at Senator Dewep for having forgotten this small account, and was astonished to hear Mr Dewep reply: "Forgotten it? Well, I guess not. It amounts to about \$400 with interest now, and its going to keep right on growing. That was the first \$100 I ever owned, and I've kept my eye on it."

Mr. John Bevins, editor of the Press, Anthon, Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for fifteen years, have recommended it to hundreds of others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed- ray; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

LIME.—For sale lime in large or small quantities. Go to EDGAR L. SMITH, Mill Point, W. Va.

Mr. P. Ketcham of Pike City, Cal., says: "I'm using my brother's late sickness from sciatic rheumatism, Chamberlain's Pain Balm was the only remedy that gave him any relief." Many others have testified to the prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords.

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And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food; And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood; And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk A savor of camels and carpets and musk. A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke. The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high, The knives were whetted and then came I To Mahbab Ali, the muleteer, Patching his bridles and counting his gear, Crammed with the gossip of half a year.

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'But we look that the gloom of the night shall die In the morning flush of a blood-red sky. 'Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise 'To warn a king of his enemies? 'We know what Heaven or Hell may bring, 'But no man knoweth the mind of the King. 'That unsought counsel is cursed of God 'Attesteth the story of Wali Dod.

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Watch from the tree, Thou art young and strong,  
Surely thy vigil is not for long.  
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Watch and wait. When the host is near,  
Shout aloud that my men may hear."  
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'To warn a King of his enemies?  
'A guard was set that he might not flee  
'A score of bayonets ringed the tree.  
'The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,  
'When he shook at his death as he looked below.  
'By the power of God, who alone is great,  
'Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.